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Strange ! no stone might dare to tell  
His name who on this red spot fell !

These steps are steps of German men,  
That, when the tyrant's in his den,  
Come crowding round with midnight tread,  
To vow their vengeance o'er the dead.  
Dead ! no, that spirit's bright'ning still,  
Soldier ! thou seest the grave of SCHILL !

### EPIGRAMS

*From the English Morning Chronicle.*

#### ON THE PRESENT RAIN.

QUOTH Tom, what miserable weather !  
The present rain does more,  
To ruin farmers altogether,  
Than ever rain before.

Alas good Tom ! with narrow eyes,  
This grivance you pursue,  
The *present rain* what man denies,  
Has ruined England too ?

#### DIVINITY AND PHYSIC ;—OR D. D. AND M. D.

How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls !  
I dub them both a brace of noddies !  
Old D. D. has the care of souls,  
And M. D. has the care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare,  
Our souls and bodies must endure ;  
One has the cure without the care,  
And one the care without the cure.

*On hearing the Regent accused of making distinctions in the invitations to his Fete.*

No more, disloyal wretch, for shame !  
No more your prince unjustly blame,  
For splendid *Fetes* display ;  
The prince and people share their state,  
To give them is the Prince's *Fete*,  
The people's *fete* to pay.